Daily Eagle

IS THE PRINCE DYING?

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SON SAID TO HAVE BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Some of the Characteristics of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne—A Polite Man, but Not a Politician—His Enormous Income.

A GOOD deal more than a hint comes from London that the Prince of Wales has been informed by his physicians that he has that incurable ailment known as Bright's disease of the kidneys. If this be true there is no probability of his ever sitting on the English throne. There are yet no signs of any breaking down in his mother, the queen, and there is no malady more sure to bring death than Bright's disease.

The English people would regard the death of Albert Edward as a great misfortune to them. This may seem singular, since his reputation in America is that of a profligate. One hears of him at the theatres paying especial attention to the most beautiful actresses. In India, some years ago, he was said to have given free vent to his immoral tastes and shocked the civilized world. Recently he witnessed a sparring match in which the bruiser John L. Sullivan took part. Why is it, then, that the English people take so great an interest in the life of this man, who is neither great nor good?

In the first place the prince had largely finished sowing his "wild oats" ten years ago. Of late those scandals with which his name was formerly connected seem to have ceased. His English taste for manly sports led him to view a sparring match, perhaps an undignified act for one of his position, but it would easily be forgiven by a nation whose young men all read sporting papers; and whose school boys are trained to box and settle their disputes in a ring. Indeed, one of the elements of popularity of Albert Edward is that he is the patron in England of those hardy sports which have given such strength and courage to Englishmen, and enabled them always to do more with fewer troops than any other nation.

The prince, though not a great man, is far seeing. One occupying his position, belonging to a family set apart from all others except of royal blood, would be expected to hold to the belief that he was secure in his position. The prince does not take this view of royalty in England. He has watched the democratic tendency of the age and adapted himself to it. He has the wisdom to follow public opinion rather than stand against it. The Prince of Wales is the most democratic man of those enjoying a similar position in Europe. He makes it a point to become identified with all classes. He can always be counted upon to take a part in meetings and other matters tending to benefit the public.

He constantly is called upon to preside at these meetings, and his speeches are remarkable for being adapted to the audience and to the purpose. To hospitals, churches, public buildings of all kinds he constantly lends the interest attaching to his presence, and is kept busy either in laying their corner stones or at their dedication. In this way he becomes identified with the people whose king, it was supposed, he would one day be, and it is perhaps this want of holding aloof from them, common with his predecessors, which has led him to that democratic demeanor he shows whenever court etiquette will permit. He goes about quite as other people go, and of late years it has been a common occurrence to see him riding in the park in a hansom cab.

It is said that the prince would do well in politics; not that he troubles himself as to the law making of the nation, for he has never availed himself of his privilege as a voter in the house of lords except once, and that was upon the deceased wife's sister bill. His reputation is not as a politician, but for being politic. He remembers faces; he has rare tact; he is easy and unstudied in his manner; in short, he has dropped all that lofty carriage which is as indispensable to other European princes of the blood as a ramrod is to an old flint lock musket.

THE PRINCE AS A HIGHLANDER.

There is a pretty story in this connection, which reads as if it might come from one of those fairy tales wherein princes are constantly doing something very nice or very wicked. Albert Edward on one occasion stopped and picked up the cane of a cripple. The prince did not regard it so remarkable an act for him to do as to remember it, but the cripple appreciated it sufficiently to send the prince a handsome clock, with a note containing the information that it was in acknowledgment of the prince's kindness in picking up his cane. The clock came from Brookline, Mass., and the sender was probably an American. It adorns one of the rooms of Marlborough house.

The prince, if he had not been born to so exalted a station, would doubtless have made a typical club man. He likes good company and is a man about town. There is scarcely an evening that he doesn't visit some one of the theatres. Actresses whom he has desired should be presented to him have, with one exception, accepted the invitation. The exception is Mary Anderson. It doubtless required a good deal of courage for the American to decline this invitation. Her action was liable to misconstruction, and she might offend the British public. Miss Anderson, however, boldly declined the honor, and it does not appear that her audiences grew less after she had done so.

The prince has a royal income, but when he was younger he spent so much money that he became involved. His allowance by parliament is £40,000 a year, or nearly $200,000, and the princess is allowed £10,000 more, or $50,000. The prince also has an income of over £60,000, or $300,000, from his revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, which is his by inheritance, so that his income aggregates about $500,000 a year. But he has nearly all the royal entertaining to do, and it is said that his mother makes him an additional allowance. He spends every penny of his income, including the allowance.

The prince has had sufficient sense to avail himself of his position as out of or above party strife. Several years ago he gave a dinner at Marlborough house, at which he gathered forty-two guests, all prominent in one way or another. Such a dinner could only be given by the Prince of Wales, for he need receive no regrets. An invitation from him is in the form of a command, and no previous engagement can stand. At this dinner Tories and Conservatives were mingled in delightful confusion, and were placed beside one another at table. Perhaps it was well that there was the restraining presence of the heir apparent, or some hot headed Tory might have got into a row with an old enemy of the opposition, and the racket once started would probably have ended with a number of sore heads and broken bones.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

The age of Albert Edward is 48. He is portly and bald; weighing 180 pounds, though not quite 5 feet 7 inches in height. He dresses well, and on the whole is quite a respectable looking gentleman. He is the leader of society in England, being a member of what is called the Marlborough or Sandringham set. Both these names are taken from his residences. He used to set the fashions for dress, but that is now the province of his son, Prince Albert Victor.

PRINCE GEORGE.

In the autumn the prince has usually gone to Scotland for deer stalking. Early winter he has spent in the south of France; spring and early summer—the social season—in London, and midsummer on the continent. He is the father of five children, Princes Albert Victor and George and the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud. The Princess of Wales is a sister of the present czarina of Russia.

Should the heir apparent die of the disease which it is said has come upon him, the event will cause considerable commotion in social circles in England. Albert Victor will then be Prince of Wales, and will have to do the entertaining. This will necessitate his taking a wife, which thus far he has delayed.

The cut at the head of this article is of the prince's country house, Sandringham.

HONORED BY HARVARD.

Sketch and Portrait of Clement G. Morgan, Elected Senior Orator.

Clement Morgan, the colored man who was chosen next senior orator at Harvard, but who has declined to serve, was born in Petersburg, Va., twenty-eight years ago, and early removed, with his family, to Washington. He attended and was graduated from the high school there, learned the barber's trade and worked at it awhile. Then desiring more education he taught school in St. Louis.

CLEMENT MORGAN.

When he had laid aside a fair amount he went to Boston, and in 1884 entered the Latin school. He was very popular with the boys and was graduated well up in his class. In 1886 he entered Harvard. During his spare hours he plied the razor and shears as a means of support. During the summers he served as hall boy in a Saratoga hotel. Last summer he earned considerable money lecturing on the colored problem. By these and other devices he worked his way through his undergraduate course and secured a fair library. In spite of his narrow means he always contrived to dress in becoming style and good taste.

Morgan is of medium height, weighs about 150 pounds and wears a mustache. He is a brilliant speaker, and talks in a smooth, fluent, yet forcible style. He pronounces his words with clear articulation and never falters for a word.

Standing erect, he makes a striking figure, his elocutionary training having taught him how to hold himself when on his feet. His oratory is finished to a degree. His manners are polished, his personal appearance prepossessing.

Morgan has not associated with the members of his class to any great extent. That is, his association with them has not been of the intimate character of student life. This, it is claimed, has not been on account of hostility among the students toward a colored man, but because he has had little time outside of his college work that has not been devoted to money making. He intends to study law and to enter the race for legal honors in the south.

He Had the Documents.

We were waiting at Trenton for the cross train to Long Branch, when a lame and sorrowful looking man began to circulate among the people and solicit alms on the ground that he had just buried his wife after a long illness, which had, coupled with ill health, reduced him to poverty.

"Look here, sir!" said the third man he came to, "you are a liar and an imposter!"

"But I am not," quietly replied the man.

"But you are! You told me this very same story in Buffalo a year ago!"

"And he told it to me in Pittsburg about two years ago!" added a second.

"And he related it to me and got money in Patterson three months ago!" exclaimed a third.

"Gentlemen, I am a truthful man!" protested the beggar.

"But you are telling a mighty old story!"

"No, I ain't. My last wife died four months ago."

"Your last! How many have you had?"

"Three. I told this story in Buffalo because I lost my second one there. Please read this document."

It was a doctor's certificate of the cause of death, with a newspaper notice pasted thereon.

"But you told it to me a year previous in Pittsburg," said the Pennsylvanian.

"No doubt of it, sir. Please read this. It relates to the death of my first wife."

It was some such document as the other, and its genuineness could not be doubted.

"And the story you told me at Paterson relates to the third, I suppose?" queried the third accuser.

"It does. Here is the document." That paper was also straight, and the first accuser scratched his head, looked puzzled, and finally said:

"Well, I take it all back. You are not an impostor; but excuse me and accept this half dollar, when I rise to remark that you are stopping in a house next door to a fool."

And the thrice bereaved was sent limping away with a purse of about six dollars.

SLICK SMUGGLING

High Toned Thieves Who Steal from Uncle Sam.

HER CONTRABAND CORPULENCE.

A Fat Woman Who Grew Lean Under the Searching Fingers of an Inspectress. Many Offer Bribes to the Custom House Officials—Diamonds in His Trunk.

Uncle Sam is cheated out of a tremendous amount of money in the course of the year by people who neglect to pay the lawful duty on diamonds, wearing apparel and various expensive knickknacks picked up in Europe for considerably less than they could be purchased for at home. This class of respectable smugglers, so say the custom house inspectors, is very much larger than most people suspect. The more respectable the smuggler the more delicate the inspector's task, and accordingly the less risk run by the smuggler.

In this matter of defrauding Uncle Sam it is claimed that women have no conscience whatever. Occasionally the inspectors find an innocent man who gets indignant while his baggage is being overhauled, but rarely a woman. More than this, an ex-inspector is authority for the statement that women are a hundred times more ready to offer bribes—usually under the guise of compensation for extra care taken—than men are. He gave as an illustration the case of an ultra respectable appearing middle aged lady who for several years went to Paris early in the summer looking quite angular and bony, and returned two or three months later as round and plump as a partridge. An elegant turnout invariably brought the lady to the pier when departing, and was there to receive her on her return. This turnout—English coachman, tiger and all—helped to allay the inspectors' suspicions. Her baggage was able to withstand the closest scrutiny. But the successful female smuggler becomes reckless after awhile.

At first this one's plumpness on returning might, with a stretch of the imagination, be set down to a change of air and diet. But gradually the difference in her physical development before and after taking the air of Paris became quite too glaringly apparent. It was last October that an investigation was decided on. When the lady came down the plank of the Bretagne she had to turn about edgewise to squeeze between the ropes. She was taken in hand by one of the female inspectors, who conducted her towards a secluded place. On the way thither the large lady grew affectionate.

"GOING THROUGH" THE FAT WOMAN.

"You took such pains with my dresses last year," she said, "that I have always wanted to make you a little present. It is so disagreeable to have one's dresses all mussed up."

As this particular inspectress had only been on the force a little over three months she easily anticipated what was coming and hurried toward the secluded spot just referred to.

"So I made up my mind," the large lady continued, "that this would be no more than you deserved—no, not one word, my dear, not a word. It's no more than you deserve for the care you took with my dresses last year."

By this time the inspectress had no compunction whatever about investigating the lining of the large lady's bustle. She said as much by handing back the bank note that had been thus thrust upon her and remarking:

"I have only been here three months."

Then quickly, from an opening in the large lady's dress skirt—which, being a woman, she could place her hand on without any hesitation—she drew out two fine French parasols, three bolts of pink silk, a pair of high heeled boots, several hundred yards of lace, a dozen pairs of gloves, enough fine hosiery to start a small shop, and a perfect love of a bonnet. All this was done before the gasping, astonished large woman could say a word.

What the large woman said is not for publication. In three minutes she was that many sizes smaller, and when the inspectress was through with her she strikingly resembled the tall, thin woman of her name who had sailed for Europe two months before. As is customary in such cases, the lady was allowed to go in peace, but Uncle Sam got the benefit of what she was forced to disgorge.

The same ex-inspector told a story of his own experience with a respectable smuggler of the other sex who was willing to divide what he stole from Uncle Sam with inspectors of easy consciences.

The man was a big, handsome fellow with a silk hat and a diamond scarf pin. His baggage consisted of one small sole leather trunk. He gave up his keys smilingly and stood over the inspector good naturedly as the latter lifted out the top articles of clothing.

The inspector lifted up the gentleman's dress suit.

"No," said the gentleman, jovially, "you haven't come to it yet. That's an American suit. But keep it up."

The inspector lifted out a checked sack suit.

"Wrong again," said the gentleman, with a laugh, "but keep right on and you'll come to it."

The inspector threw out a lot of under clothing, beneath which was a light overcoat. Spread out flat on the overcoat was a fifty dollar greenback.

"Ah," said the gentleman, "so you've found it at last. Put it in your pocket."

Without answering a word or touching the greenback, the inspector reached his hand under the light overcoat and found a leather case. He opened the case and saw four of as fine diamonds as were ever claimed by Uncle Sam under similar circumstances.

"The devil!" said the gentleman, and this time it was the inspector that laughed.

Making Him Feel at Home.

"Won't you show me how to play smash?" asked little Willie Cumso of his caller before his parents came into the parlor.

"Smash, Willie! That's a game I never learned."

"Oh, yes, you have," persisted Willie. "Papa says you play smash every night when you go home mellow."—Yenowine's News.

Knew the Signs.

"Ma, the minister is coming."

"What makes you think so? Did you see him?"

"No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the cupboard."—New York Journal.

HER DEATH SENTENCE.

The Case of Margaret Dilliard—She Aided in the Murder of Her Husband.

Despite her straightforward confession and her woman's tears Margaret Dilliard will have a hard time in escaping the gallows for complicity in the crime of murdering her husband, Aaron W. Dilliard.

The murder took place last September, in Northampton county, Pa., where the Dilliards lived.

It was a brutal deed.

Mrs. Dilliard, who is described as neither young nor attractive, had for a paramour one William H. Bartholemew, a "Pennsylvania Dutch" farmer, over 50 years old. Dilliard was poor and proposed to move from Pennsylvania and go out west. Bartholemew objected to the plan, because it would take away the woman, who, he declared, he wanted all to himself. The woman was weak, and Bartholemew arranged a plot to put the husband out of the way, when, he declared, he would provide a home for the widow.

MRS. DILLIARD.

He laid the trap, the wife baited it and the unsuspecting husband fell in.

One night Mrs. Dilliard aroused her husband and told him that chicken thieves were at work outside. She handed him a single barreled shotgun that had been fixed not to go off and a lantern, and urged him to go outside and look up into a certain tree. He did so and was shot dead.

Bartholemew fired the fatal shot.

After the funeral of her husband, Mrs. Dilliard confessed to the officiating minister, and at the trial went on the stand against her former paramour, who was found guilty and sentenced to death on her testimony. All of the parties belong to the illiterate class. Mrs. Dilliard believed that her confession would save her life.

Will she hang?

The district attorney made a promise, in black and white, during the trial, that if the woman would convict Bartholemew, all of his influence would be used with the governor to save her from the gallows in case of her conviction in the first degree. The promise will be redeemed, and may result in a commutation to life imprisonment. The efforts of the district attorney will be backed by many people of influence on the sole ground that a promise made under those circumstances is sacred, and the public good demands that it be kept.

DELAWARE'S WHIPPING POST.

Expert Testimony As to What It Has Been and What It Is in This Year of Grace.

At the last session of the Delaware legislature it was enacted "that hereafter no female convicted of any crime in this state shall be whipped or be made to stand in the pillory."

The introduction of this act revealed a fact not generally known—that women could lawfully be whipped for counterfeiting, horse stealing, burglary, arson, maiming by lying in wait and poisoning. They are liable to be put in the pillory for perjury, subornation of perjury, forgery, receiving stolen goods, assault with intent to kill, conjuration, witchcraft, fortune telling and dealing with spirits.

That law had been a dead letter for many years, the last white woman having been whipped for larceny about the year 1836. The law was [illegible] amended to do away with the last [illegible] white women. As late as 1870 colored women were sent to the post. At the session of the legislature in 1871 the word "white" was stricken out of the law relating to the punishment of women for larceny, and the black sisters were put on an equality with their white sisters. Now it is designed to remove all possibility of women being whipped or put in the pillory.

A gentleman who has been perfectly familiar with the operations of the whipping post for over forty years says that he has seen scores of prisoners lashed at the post, and while it is seldom now that blood is drawn, if ever, he has seen backs of prisoners that were almost cut to "a jelly." He says that the whippings became less violent when the newspapers began to report the quarterly performances at New Castle with the cat. The whippings formerly only took place twice a year.

There was a great tendency upon the part of sheriffs to regulate the force of their blow entirely through prejudice for or against a man. A writer in The Washington News says he has seen two or three hundred men whipped, but has never seen the blood flow. He has seen large welts on the backs of the victims and fine drops of blood almost ready to come through, but never any blood running.

The jail gates are always thrown open to the public on whipping days, but the best of order prevails.

The history of the post for fifty years is that the lash, as a rule, has been used with leniency. There has been but little difference as to numbers between white and black victims.

There has been a great toning down of late years of the number of lashes applied. It was a frequent thing years ago to give a prisoner a cumulative sentence and for three successive Saturdays he would receive eighty lashes. The result was, even though the blows were lightly laid on, that the victim's back would be in an awful condition. The story is told of one old black man who, after being whipped upon three Saturdays, was sold into slavery.

He declared that he would never go south, and when his purchaser got as far as Havre de Grace the poor fellow cut his throat.

It was the rule at one time to sell colored men and women to the highest bidder after they had been whipped, and they were frequently knocked down for $1 and quickly hurried south. There is an old man now in New Castle county almshouse who was regularly engaged in the purchase of blacks and selling them into slavery.

It is really surprising, however, how few are the real facts and incidents that those who are in a position to know can tell.

There are very few whippings in Kent and Sussex counties, so that all material for a history of the post has to be gleaned in New Castle county. Nearly every whipping has some little incident attached to it, but the story of one is really the story of all.

John in the Kitchen.

Miss Steele (of Pittsburg)—So you have a real Chinaman for a servant! Is he efficient?

Miss Pharwest (of San Francisco)—So-so. He's dreadfully hard on dishes. But what can you expect of a domestic that even talks broken China!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Astonished Setter.

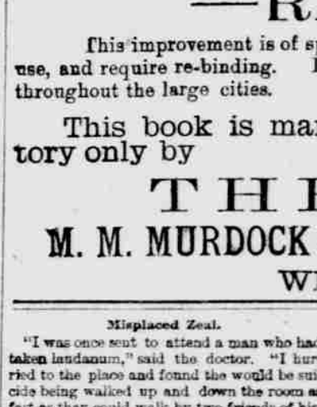
I do not vouch for the truth of the tale, but a man, whose reputation for veracity is at least reasonably good, declares that he saw on the street in Boston, the other day, an electric wire accident which was certainly singular. His attention was attracted by the barking of a red Irish setter to an English sparrow, which was perched upon an electric light wire high above the beast's head. The animal had evidently been amusing himself in the fruitless sport of chasing the bird, and when it had taken refuge on high had endeavored to get some consolation out of yelping lustily. The day was windy, and the wire swayed to and fro, the sparrow apparently enjoying its swing, until in a fatal moment the tail of the bird came in contact with another wire near by. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the unlucky sparrow came tumbling down stone dead at the feet of the noisy dog, who was so astonished at this sudden turn of affairs that he did not offer to pick the creature up, but simply stopped barking and stood staring at his prey in astonishment.—Boston Letter in Providence Journal.

Misplaced Zeal.

"I was once sent to attend a man who had taken laudanum," said the doctor. "I hurried to the place and found the would be suicide being walked up and down the room as fast as they could walk by two friends of his. As they put him down on a chair for me to treat him one of them remarked: 'Awful glad to see you, doctor; we've been walking Jim up and down for an hour and a half. It's been terrible hard work to keep him alive all this time.'

"I made a slight examination; took my hat and started to go, when one of the pedestrians said: 'What's the matter, Doc; ain't you going to give him anything?' 'He's been dead for an hour,' I replied, and left."—San Diego Union.

The Hour Glass of Fashion.



Connemara Tim (on his honeymoon trip to America)—Did yez mashed th' leddy we's just passed?

Mrs. Tim—Oi did, dar-rlin', an' Oi war t'inkin' she must hov a bear av a husban' t' git hugged th' shape o' that.—Judge.

Making It Right with the Court.

An amusing incident occurred in Judge Fisher's court the other day, which has just been made public. Judge Fisher is a very dignified man while on the bench, and it ever before a smile was known to sweep across his solemn countenance during court hours the fact is not of record.

A juror failed to answer to his name when called, and an attachment was issued for him. He was brought in two hours later by a deputy sheriff, and standing before the judge received a severe reprimand.

"Your honor," said the juror in self justification, "I have been very sick and the doctor forbid me to come."

The man evidently spoke the truth, and Judge Fisher replied: "Well, that being the case you will not be fined, but must pay the costs of this attachment. You may go, then, and report here again promptly next Monday morning."

"But, your honor, my doctor says I will not be able to sit on a jury for two years."

"All right," good naturedly replied the judge, "make those statements Monday, and if you are not able to serve I will excuse you."

This seemed to satisfy the gentleman, and yet he did not go as permitted to do, but began fumbling in his vest pockets, as if looking for something.

"You may go," repeated the judge.

"Yes, your honor, thank you; you will excuse me; I haven't got a cigar with me, your honor, or I'd be glad to give it to you. I thought I had, but I haven't. If I ever meet you"——

"Mr. Sheriff," thundered the judge, but before he said more the juror realized he had made a bad break and retreated in good order.—St. Louis Republic.

It Wouldn't Be Her Luck.

Elderly Spinster—I can't see why you young girls should be so absurdly timid. You can't walk a block after dark without being in an agony of fear thinking that somebody may be following you.

"Do you never look back to see if some men is following you?"

"No. What's the use? It wouldn't be my luck."—Boston Beacon.

A Society Note.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison square,
Had, strange to relate, really nothing to wear,
And so the young woman—no plan could be prop-
erer—
Dressed herself thus and went straight to the
opera.
—New York Sun.

Checkers at Split Canyon.

Westbud Burlingham (the cow puncher, who has moved twice in succession)—Whose move is it now?

Rowers Winthrop (promptly)—Yours.—Judge.

Human Influence.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no unpeopled spot in the universe, no dark niche along the dial of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whom! Our own or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life.—Edna Barrett.